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The Critic

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894

Men, Women and Books

IT SEEMS only yesterday—and it is only yesteryear—since Walter Pater sat by my side in a Club garden, and listened eloquently to my after-lunch *causerie*, and now he is gone

"To where, beyond the Voices, there is Peace."

You grasp that his eloquence was oracular, silent. He had an air. There was in him—as in his work—a suggestion of aloofness from the homespun world. I suspect he had never heard Chevalier. I should not wonder if he had never even heard of him. He was wrapped in the atmosphere of Oxford, and though "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages" in no wise threw their glamor over his thought, there was a cloistral distinction in his attitude. He reminded me of my friend the Cambridge professor, who, when the O'Shea business was filling eight columns daily of the papers that deprecate honest art, innocently asked me if there was anything new about Parnell. Pater did not probably carry detachment from the contemporary so far as that, but he was in harmony with his hedonistic creed in permitting only a select fraction of the cosmos to have the entry to his consciousness. A delightful, elegantly furnished consciousness it was, with the latest improvements and with every justification for exclusiveness. But there is in men of Mr. Pater's stamp something of what might be termed the higher Podsnappery. They put things aside with the wave of a white-gloved hand: this and that do not exist, Mr. Podsnap himself—O the irony of it!—among them. Like Mr. Podsnap, though on so different a plane, they take themselves and their view of life too seriously. When I told Mr. Pater that there was a pun in his "Plato and Platonism," he asked anxiously for its precise locality, so that he might remove it. This I could not remember, but I told him I did not see why he should remove one of the best things in the book. But my assurances that the pun was excellent did not seem to tranquillise him. Now, why should not a philosopher make a pun? Shakespeare was an incorrigible punster. Why should a man's life be divided into little artificial sections, like the labelled heads in the phrenologist's window? I do not want to see a man put on his Sunday clothes to talk about religion. But a congenital inelasticity is fostered in the atmosphere of common-rooms, there where solemn-footed serving-men present the port with sacerdotal ceremonies, and where, if the dons are no longer (in the classic phrase of Gibbon) "sunk in port and superstition," the port is still a superstition. This absence of humor, this superhuman seriousness bred of heavy traditions peculiarly English, this sobriety nourished by sacerdotal port, give the victim quite a wrong sense of values and proportions. He mistakes University for Universe. His tastes become the measure of a creation of which he is the centre. Hence an abiding gravity that is ever on the brink of dulness. The Englishman cannot afford to be grave, the bore is so close at hand.

* * *

And yet, if one did not take oneself seriously, I suppose nothing would ever be done. A kindly illusion about their importance in the scheme of things is Nature's instrument for getting work out of men. "Don't you think Flaubert took himself too seriously?" I heard a lady novelist ask a gentleman practitioner. Certainly his correspondence with George Sand reveals an anchorite of letters, who tortured the phrase and sacrificed sleep to the adjective, and the brothers De Goncourt—themselves very serious gentlemen—have recorded how he considered his book as good as finished be-

cause he had invented the "dying falls" of the music of his periods. But if Flaubert had sufficiently contemplated the infinities, the immense indifference of things, if, like the astronomer in search of a creed, he had concentrated his vision on the point to which the whole solar system is drifting, French prose would have lost some of its most wonderful pages; and had the late Mr. Pater been less troubled by the rose-leaf of style and more by the thorns of the time, English prose would have been the poorer by harmonies and felicities unsurpassed and unsurpassable. This is to ignore Pater the Philosopher and Pater the Critic. Of these persons there will be varying estimates. But Pater the literary artist one is more driven to praise than to appraise. This exquisite care for words has something of moral purity as well as physical daintiness in it. There is, indeed, something priestly in this consecration of language, in this reverent ablution of the counters of thought, those poor counters so overcrusted with the dirt of travel, so loosely interchangeable among the vulgar; the figure of the stooping devotee shows sublime in a garrulous world. What a heap of mischief M. Jourdain has done by his discovery that he was talking prose all his life! Prose, indeed! Molière has much to answer for. The rough, shuffling, slipshod, down-at-heel, clipped, frayed talk of every-day life bears as much relation to prose as a music-hall ditty to poetry. The name "prose" must be reserved for the fine art of language—that fine art whose other branch is poetry. 'Tis a grammarians' term, "prose," and belongs not to the herd. They do not need it, and it would never have come into M. Jourdain's head or out of his mouth, had he not taken a tutor. And yet the delusion is common enough—even with those to whom Molière is Greek—that prose is anything which is not poetry. As well say that poetry is anything which is not prose. Of the two branches of the art of language, prose is the more difficult. This is not the opinion of those who know nothing about it. They fancy a difficulty about rhymes and metres. 'Tis all the other way. Rhymes are the rudders of thought; they steer the poet's bark. He cannot get to Heaven itself without striking "seven," or mixing up his meaning with foreign "heaven." His shifts to avoid these shifts are pathetic to a degree. He flounders about 'twixt "given" and "levin," and has been known to snatch desperately at "reaven." Of all fraudulent crafts commend me to the poet's. He is a paragon of deceit and quackery, a jingling knave. 'Tis a game of *bouts rimés*, and he calls it "inspiration." No wonder Plato would have none of him in his Republic, even though Plato's poets were guiltless of rhyme and slaves only to metre. But the metre of verse is a friend to thought, and also its enemy. It is like wheels to a cart; not unsagaciously is Pegasus figured with wings. He flies away with you, and you are lulled by the regular flap, flap of his pinions, and his goal concerns you little. The swing and the rush of verse compensate for reason, and it is wonderful how far a little sense will fly when tricked out with fine feathers. Even in stately, rhymless decasyllables the march and music of the verse help a limping thought along like a sore-footed soldier striding to the band. But the prose-writer has none of these advantages. He is like an actor without properties. His thoughts do not go along with a flutter of flags and a blare of trombones. Nor do they glide upon castors. They must needs lumber on after a fashion of their own, and if there is music to their ambulation it must be individual, neither in common nor in three-eight time, but winding and quickening at will, with no straight symmetry of antiphonal bars. There is nothing to tell you that the writer has written

"prose"—as the spacing and the capital letters invite you to look for poetry. He has to depend only upon himself. This is why blank verse—which approaches prose most nearly—is so much more difficult to write than rhymed verse, though it looks so much easier and more tempting to the amateur. Are we not justified, then, in taking the logical step further, and saying that prose, which strips itself of the last rags of adventitious ornament, and which tempts the amateur most of all, is the highest of all literary forms, the most difficult of all to handle triumphantly.

I have not been able to avoid "Marcella," though I have put off reading it as frequently as I could. "David Grieve" I have hitherto escaped, though my intentions, I vow, have always been strictly honorable. But, after all, Mrs. Ward is so voluminous, her petticoats have such a sweep! She terrifies me—she and her big cheques and her big country-house and her big book. I shrink, I dwindle. One rises from a novel of hers distinctly older. In the middle of the second volume one wonders vaguely how many æons ago one was reading the first, and what infinities are to traverse before one will emerge from the third. One sees "The End" as Dante saw the stars; and then, looking in the glass, one is astounded, unlike Rip Van Winkle, to find one's hair still black. Heavens, what a cosmic panorama!—the town, the country, the mansion, the cottage, Belgravia, country-house balls, village politics, afternoon teas, artisans' dwellings, the Fabian Society, the Houses of Parliament, hospitals, the Church, the Game Laws, the slums—all the national institutions! Prodigious! "The England of To-day set down for the England of To-morrow," you say? Alas! To-morrow is notoriously ungrateful. But it is monstrous clever, this book, or most of it, though, as with "Robert Elsmere," the best things in it are not those the writer intended for such, nor those that thrill the well-known great heart of the public. "Robert Elsmere" owed its success to Mrs. Humphry Ward's tardy acquaintance with German criticism. You must have sometimes jogged along in a slow train with a faster train on the next line of rails. You look at the rival train and you see yourself going backwards; you look out of the other window and you see yourself going forwards. That was Mrs. Humphry Ward's position. Compared with the real train of thought she was going backwards, but she looked out of the wrong window and fancied herself going forwards. But she played her part. There were many who did not know that there was a train at all, or that it had started, till they saw her gesticulating and speechifying from the wrong window. And those of us who were already "saved" before "Robert Elsmere" appeared, were grateful for the dramatic scenes between husband and wife and for the figure of Rose; and, for my part, I thought to read genius in the hand that created Langham. Even now I seem to see sparkles of the *feu sacré* in the drawing of Marcella's parents and the scenes with the poacher's wife. For the rest "Marcella" is a monument of talent and industry. It ought to have been written by a syndicate. I should like to have written it myself, if only for the pleasure of finishing the last page and feeling what a good boy was I. But it is a painful truth that not with labor nor beating of the breast is the heaven of literature won. It comes by grace. "The best things—the things that touch—are given us," as Mr. Kipling told his fellow-authors. And in the marvellous elaboration of Mrs. Ward's method, in her trying to see all round her subject with that comprehensive vision, that impartial insight, which is so high a gift and so rare a feminine one, I fear she leaves too little room for the play of inspiration. "That is genius," cried Thackeray, when Rawdon Crawley struck Becky's paramour. Thackeray did not know that this would happen—till he came to write it. I am inclined to fancy that this is the test of genius—that the writer finishes a chapter wiser than he began it. Mrs. Ward gives me the impression of never astonishing herself, of always

knowing all about it. *Elle raisonne trop*. The result is that she never astonishes us. She is always at the same high level. If she is dull, it is conscientiously. Like the late Mr. Pater, she is another example of the danger of living among University sets. She has breathed the atmosphere of culture too long, and sadly needs a change of air. If she would go out Bank-Holidaying, it would do her good. George Eliot, who began so well, grew dull and heavy through posing as a drawing-room deity. As for Marcella, I like her best when she is most like Maggie Tulliver, and I do not like her at all when her *Wander-jahr* is over. I have no interest in these soulful, virtuous people, superlatively beautiful and colossally rich. They are monstrosities—too rare to bother about. Like Mr. Hall Caine, Mrs. Ward is unable to dispense with melodrama, and the rescue of Marcella in the slums by her lover, the Cabinet minister, would gratify the amateurs of the penny novelette. *Aber doch*—it is a wonderful book! When all is said and done—Prodigious!

Mr. Stevenson has been partitioning "Treasure Island" among his predecessors, and showing how unconscious cerebration stole a parrot from Robinson Crusoe and a skeleton from Defoe, a stockade from "Masterman Ready" and a job lot of scenes and characters from "Washington Irving." But really these plagiarised partitions are nothing but the common stock of fiction. They are kept in the property-room, and any author may have them for the asking. But it needs genius to suffuse them with originality, to throw the limelight upon them so as to enchant the audience afresh. The same old tale may be told in as many different ways as Loie Fuller's serpentine skirt is illuminated, and, like it, be always charming. If one were to dissect "The Manxman" (or rather vivisection it, for the book is alive), one would probably find Mr. Hall Caine under unconscious obligations to Hawthorne, to Franzos, to Ibsen, to Maarten Maartens, to Maxwell Gray, and most of all to Hall Caine himself, but drawing very consciously from the great stream of romantic lore which flows through all ages and all centuries. There are only seven—or is it thirteen?—stories in the world, and "The Manxman" is one of the best of them. But this is, I take it, just the feather Mr. Caine would have in his cap. It is his ambition to tell the great old stories—the simple, sublime stories the world is never weary of, the sagas of primitive human beings and primal passions that will live when the psychological novels that deal with the complex and the morbid are dead, with the social phases that begot them.

Not having the acquaintance of "David Grieve," I am unaware whether it sketches the American Art Association in the Latin Quarter of Paris. It is a pleasant little institution, with humors of its own; and it was at its annual dinner this year that Whistler told the French painters that they knew which end of the brush to put into their mouths, whereas in England it was "still a matter of taste." The Club boasts of a real live poet, who writes neither in French nor in American, but in English, "of the most literary." This young gentleman, whose name is William Theodore Peters, wrote a Pastoral Masque in one act entitled "The Tournament of Love," and the same was well and duly played by the students and their girl friends (with Loie Fuller, as Primavera, the dancer) for the benefit of the Club, at the Théâtre d'Application at a *matinée*, which was one of the events of the Parisian season. Mr. Peters, who has made some success in England in a Pierrot part, played the rôle of a love-stricken poet, which should come naturally to him; and on the strength of having seen him die at rehearsal, I can testify that he did himself justice. The idea of the little piece, which has now been published in a pretty cover designed by Alfred Jones, another member, is really quite an inspiration. The heroine is Clémence Isaure, and to her court, "an almond orchard on the outskirts of Toulouse,"

a court given over to the cult of Oscar Wilde, there comes "on the afternoon of the third of May, 1498" (Peters is none of your indefinite bards), Bertrand de Roaix, a Troubadour, all simplicity and love of nature. To the little nest of cynical and *blasés* poets ensconced in the orchard of Clémence, the simple blossoms of which are scorned in favor of artificial flowers of metal, his ingenuousness is a new sensation. They consider his simplicity a new pose, "the last refuge of the complex," and applaud him as the greatest of them all. But he—poor Troubadour—is earnest and genuine, and he falls violently in love with Clémence Isaure, who dare not avow to a jaded world that she is capable of such a simple emotion as love, or even of inspiring it in the minstrel's breast. And so the Troubadour, being, like the slave in Heine, of the race of those who die when they love, stabs himself, crying,

"Though doubting everyone, yet still believe
Me frank and loyal."

And poor Clémence, like the father in Campbell's ballad, is "left lamenting." There is not this a prettier idea than we get in our English *lèvres de rideau*? There are little lyrics scattered about (which I cannot quote from memory, but which prove Mr. Peters has the gift of simple song). The only pity is that he has treated the idea more daintily than dramatically.

I. ZANGWILL.

Literature

The National Epics of Hindostan

The Great Indian Epics: The Stories of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. By John Campbell Oman. Macmillan & Co.

THE ENORMOUS BULK of Hindoo literature is made up of many parts, each almost a literature in itself. The first rank, of course, is held by the Vedic hymns, with their addenda and commentaries, the Brahmanas and Sutras. Next to these, in the almost idolatrous reverence with which they are regarded, come the two great epics which are the subjects of the present work. Their greatness is not merely in extent, though this is extraordinary. To give some idea, if a rather vague one, of their stupendous length, Prof. Oman tells us that the two, "taken together, would make up not less than about five-and-twenty printed volumes of ordinary size." A more exact idea is gained by the statement that the shortest of the poems, the Ramayana, comprises about 50,000 lines, and the longest about 200,000. The Mahabharata alone is therefore about seven times as long as the two Homeric poems put together. We are the less surprised by this statement, when we learn that this prodigious composition is really made up of several distinct poems, apparently of different authorship, and very loosely and inartistically combined. One of these, the celebrated Bhagavat-Gita, or "Divine Song," is introduced in the form of a philosophical discussion between the hero Arjivara and his charioteer, Krishna, who proves to be an incarnation of the all-powerful deity Vishnu, and who, while the hostile hosts are drawn up in the order of battle, devotes what must have been a term of several days to the work of instructing the warrior-chief in the mysteries of divine wisdom,—clinching his argument by suddenly exhibiting himself in all his terror-striking majesty of godhood. This episode may serve to give some idea of the singular extravagances of mingled absurdity and sublimity which characterize these extraordinary works of genius.

That this title can justly be claimed for them is the opinion of all the great Sanskrit scholars of modern times, from Sir William Jones to Prof. Max Müller, who have studied these singular productions. Mr. Oman does not himself claim to be an authority as regards the language. But as Professor of Natural Science in the Government College at Lahore, and author of a work on "Indian Life, Religious and Social," he has had opportunities of learning the opinions of the best judges among the educated Hindoos and the many able European scholars resident in India. Several good translations

of the two epics, or of large portions of them, both in prose and in poetry, have been published, and Mr. Oman has undertaken to present to the English-reading public a summary of the stories, combining narrative and commentary in a form which he justly considers likely to be both useful and entertaining. "These great poems," he remarks, "have a special claim to the attention even of foreigners, if considered simply as representative illustrations of the genius of a most interesting people,—their importance being enhanced by the fact that they are, to this day, accepted as entirely and literally true by some 200,000,000 of the inhabitants of India. And they have the further recommendation of being rich in varied attractions, even when regarded merely as the ideas and unsubstantial creations of Oriental imagination."

The author gives the first place to the Ramayana, which he holds to have been the first composed, though this is a disputed point. The composition is ascribed to the Brahman Valmiki, who is affirmed to have been instructed and inspired for the work by Brahma himself. The plot, stripped of the episodes and other accessories, is simple. Rama, the eldest son and rightful heir of the King of Ayodhya, or Oude, the great Hindoo capital, was, through the malice of a stepmother, condemned to a banishment of fourteen years in the immense southern forest. He was accompanied in his exile by his beautiful and faithful wife, Sita, and by his brave and equally faithful brother, Lakshmana. The three lived together as ascetics in a hut which they had made for themselves in the forest. Here Sita, in the absence of her husband and his brother, was surprised and carried off, through the air, by the mighty sorcerer-demon Ravana, the giant-king of Lanka in Ceylon. Though possessing magic powers, of which even the gods were jealous, his dread of a threat pronounced by Brahma restrained him from doing other harm to his captive than holding her a prisoner until she should consent to become his wife. Meanwhile Rama and Lakshmana had summoned to their aid an immense army, composed chiefly of half human monkeys,—by which designation we are to understand the negroid people of southern Hindostan,—and, after bridging the strait between the mainland and Ceylon, and performing prodigies of valor, succeeded at length in destroying Ravana in his capital, and rescuing Sita, with whom Rama, his father being dead, returned to reign in Ayodhya.

The Mahabharata, or "Great Bharata," is the history of the contest for the throne of India between two royal and kindred families, both descended from Bharata, who represented the ancient Chandra or "Moon" dynasty of the Aryan rulers. These families were the Kauravas and the Pandavas, the former having at first the ascendancy, but the latter the better title, and in the end the better fortune. The climax of the war was a tremendous battle, involving many millions of combatants. It lasted for eighteen consecutive days, caused the destruction of the greater part of the two hosts engaged in it, and, as our author adds, "closed the golden age of India." This golden age does not go back into a very great antiquity, as the best authority does not place the origin of the Mahabharata, or rather of the poem which formed its first framework, earlier than the fourth century before the Christian era. The poet Vyasa, to whom it is ascribed, is held to have been an actor in the events which he relates. If this opinion is well founded, the heroic age of India will have closed soon after the period of Alexander the Great.

The most striking quality of the great epics, and that which gives them an importance and value above all other works of the kind, is the fact that they are national poems of still living and potent influence. Hindostan, with a population equal to two-thirds of that of Europe, comprises a greater number of separate communities, speaking distinct languages, than all Europe contains. Dr. R. N. Cust, the chief authority on this point, finds in the peninsula no less than forty peoples, speaking different languages, and divided into three distinct races, the Aryan, Dravidian, and Kolarian. Among

this vast agglomeration of nationalities, there is but one bond of connection, that of religion,—but this bond is with these races the most powerful of all; and it is presented in the most attractive form in these national epics, which teach their readers and hearers to believe that there was a period when the whole of India, from the Himalayas to Ceylon, was united under one native rule and one worship. This belief, in which alone Hindoo patriotism can claim a field of existence, prevails among all classes and castes of the population. It finds its chief nutriment in their remarkable poems, combining all that to the Hindoo mind is most winning and affecting, in religion, philosophy, history, and poetry. The influence of the Homeric poems, in the most brilliant period of the Grecian republics, was weak compared with that of the Indian epics. The Homeric influence is dead, but that of the great Hindoo poems is still living and growing,—the one solitary existing influence of the kind in the world. It is this fact which gives an interest to Prof. Oman's work beyond that which its contents might claim as mere literature. The compositions which it describes, if viewed simply as pictures of the past and premonitions of the possible future for nearly a seventh part of the human race, cannot be deemed reassuring. But regarded in a different light, as illustrations of mental and moral endowment capable of something much higher, they become more satisfactory. There is both truth and promise in the comparison made by Mr. Oman, when he reminds us that, "had not Christianity superseded the original religions of Northern Europe,—had the Eddas and Sagas, with their weird tales of wonder and mystery, continued to be authoritative scripture in Britain,—the religious faith of England might now have been on a par with that of India to-day—an extraordinary mixture of the wildest legends and the deepest philosophy."

Past Politics

The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G. C. B. 1862-1879. Second Series. 2 vols. Cassell Pub. Co.

WHEN YOUNG MEN graduate from college and take upon themselves seriously the duties of citizenship, they are often hampered and perplexed by their ignorance of contemporary history. Their professors were loth to lecture on a subject that had to be treated merely tentatively—in the spirit of the annalist, not of the philosopher,—and this because the picture is too close to the eye for a clear perception of its main features, its shadows and lights. Party-spirit would also affect the impartiality of the views and criticisms, and science would thus be sacrificed to sentiment. For the same reason no historian of rank deals exhaustively with the most recent epochs. In his dilemma, the graduate must gather his facts from various sources, and form his own opinions from these gleanings. In doing so he should have recourse to works like the one under review. A perusal of Lord Loftus's volumes will give him, in a most entertaining and agreeable manner, a vivid picture of the questions that have agitated European diplomacy during the last half-century, as well as a familiarity with the main characteristics of the statesmen whose task it was to settle them. The first series of these Reminiscences covered the events from 1837 to 1862; the volumes before us deal with equally eventful times, 1862-1879, the period of Sadowa, Sedan and Plevna.

The work is not written in consecutive, narrative form, like Chancellor Pasquier's Memoirs. It does not purport to be a history of Lord Loftus's time, but rather his reminiscences of those events in which he took a personal and active part. Though written so many years after the occurrence of the events recorded, the book is not symmetrical. Many of the original notes seem to have been incorporated. There is an historical digression in one paragraph, a reminiscence of social life in another. But the author has not relied solely on his own experiences; he has availed himself of the recently published books on the period. It must be added, however, that a little more investigation would have

made some of his *obiter dicta* less tentative and inaccurate. The occasional autobiographical notices, from their very simplicity, but add to the charm of the volume. The English diplomat was very proud of his proficiency in French. In St. Petersburg, "at a dinner given by the Austrian representative to General Le Flô, the French Ambassador, and myself, on leaving, our respective healths were proposed with much kindly feeling. The General, being a Frenchman, responded in glowing terms. I had not been in any way prepared for this honor, but the expression of my thanks appeared to make an impression on my French colleague, who, in allusion to it, observed to the company, 'Il paraît qu'on parle le français mieux sur la Tamise que sur la Seine.' This graceful acknowledgment relieved my fears and pleased me."

In addition to its many fascinating qualities, the book will be invaluable to the future historian. Lord Augustus Loftus was fortunate in being placed at the centre of operations at the most critical periods in recent history. During the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars he was Ambassador at Berlin, and during the war between Turkey and Russia he represented England in the latter country. The first volume is by far the more valuable and interesting, dealing almost entirely with his embassy to Prussia, 1866-72. Special light is thrown on Bismarck's character as a statesman. When we look at Bismarck's statesmanship critically, we see how little it is in advance of Richelieu's, or of Frederick the Great's. He is the greatest nineteenth-century representative of the Macchiavellian school. Yet just such a statesmanship, devoid of all ethical basis, was necessary to make Germany united and powerful. When, however, the German state, based on popular sovereignty, had been created, Bismarck was totally unfit to cope with its needs. His sphere was in diplomacy—the development of the State from without,—while the statesmanship that is characteristic of the day and of the future has to develop the social and economic institutions, the happiness and welfare of the individual within. It has ethics for its basis—not brute force, mere "Blut und Eisen." How characteristic of the past is the statesmanship of the greatest of modern statesmen, is only clearly evident when we compare him with Gladstone. This general estimate receives fresh confirmation from these volumes. Shortly before the Austro-Prussian war, our author was urging Bismarck to invoke the good offices of a third Power to arrange the differences between Austria and Prussia. Bismarck was unwilling and said, "What would you do if you found a violent, dangerous man in the street threatening the public security and peace?" Loftus answered, "I should immediately call the police, and in my estimation the Great Powers constitute the police of Europe for the maintenance of peace." "But," said Bismarck, "if it was the case of a gentleman, you would give him your card." Loftus replied, "I think not." Shortly after this, talking to the English Ambassador about peace or war, Bismarck observed:—"Why, after all, Attila was a greater man than your Mr. John Bright. He has left a greater name in history. The Duke of Wellington will be known in history as a great warrior, and not as a pacific statesman." These anecdotes are characteristic of the man.

On the diplomatic history of the period treated, the writer has shed a bright light. He was on friendly terms with the protagonists of the great drama culminating in the *débâcle* at Sedan, and from this fact as well as from his official position, he is able to go beneath the surface and give us some of the secret history of these years. We are, however, disappointed that he could not add to our knowledge of the negotiations between Bismarck and Benedetti after Königgrätz. In 1872 Lord Augustus Loftus was transferred to St. Petersburg, where he remained for eight years. The second volume contains his reminiscences of this period. The central event is the war between Turkey and Russia; but the account, though valuable, is not so full, and naturally not so

impartial, as we should like. Laymen and students of modern history will welcome these volumes as enthusiastically as they did those of the first series.

"Crumbling Idols"

By Hamlin Garland. Stone & Kimball.

THE WRITER of this little book has been hitherto chiefly known as the author of some striking stories of Western life of rather a gloomy cast, but he has now assumed the character of a literary judge as well as that of critic and essayist, and in his balance the East is tried against the West, and is found wanting. It is now some time since the volume appeared, and we have been waiting to see what would happen, but so far this section of the country is unlike the brooding East of Matthew Arnold's well-known poem, for she does not seem to behold her impious younger world with any considerable awe. There is an old story of a farmer who, when he was asked how he had induced a tramp to leave his premises, answered that he had persuaded him with an axe, and when Mr. Garland denounces the baleful influence of New York upon a possible national literature, he is almost equally forcible. Nor does he spare his fellow-Westerners, for in his opening paper, on "Provincialism," he complains that they have been taught to believe that Shakespeare ended the drama, and that Scott closed the novel, and, also, that the English language is the greatest in the world; that they are taught, in short, to worship the past, being kept blind to the mighty literary movements of the time, and that, if they would come to understand Ibsen, Tolstoi, Björnson, Howells and Whitman, they must do so outside their instruction. It is growing more difficult day by day for a man to be well-read in the general sense of the term as it was understood even a generation ago, and we should have been inclined to believe that, if it came to a choice between the acquaintance with Shakespeare and Ibsen, there could be little doubt as to which was the better company to keep. But Mr. Garland assures us, as one having authority, that the great masses of American readers desire only "sincere delineation of modern life and thought," and that "Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Dante and Milton are fading away into mere names." He adjures the young men and women of America to turn their backs on the past, to cease trying to be correct, and become creative; and he promises them that if they will do so they may "know all that Shakespeare knew of human life, and not through the eyes of the dead, but at first hand." If Mr. Garland be a true prophet, we cannot see why he should trouble himself further about the literary future of the West, and an adoption of his views will certainly be a saving to the men who are spending their substance royally to endow it with libraries and colleges.

In a little essay with the modest title of "Literary Prophecy" we find the following:—"The surest way to write for all time is to embody the present in the finest form with the highest sincerity and with the frankest truthfulness. The surest way to write for other lands is to be true to our own land and true to the scenes and people we love and love in a human and direct way, without being educated up to it or down to it." Such a sentence is interesting as an indication, not only of the writer's personal bent, but of the class of thought which he represents, because it is only true of what may be called the best second-class work. By such a standard, for instance, Fielding or Jane Austin may be judged, and judged fairly, but it is quite inadequate when applied to Cervantes or Goethe. If Mr. Garland chooses to write himself down as preferring Ibsen to Shakespeare, and can find a publisher willing to enshrine this opinion in a neat volume, it is, of course, his own affair; but when he speaks of the representative Easterner as an "aristocrat who prides himself on never having been farther west than Buffalo," and who has "no sympathy with the American people of middle condition," he is indulging in talk that is not only foolish, but dangerous. The East is naturally proud of the West, even

when she is somewhat boisterous and self-asserting, as an old athlete is proud of the hard knocks he gets from the lad whom he has taught to box; but there is a limit to patience. Many men are living, and not yet old, who remember the arrogance which was once considered as almost the birthright of a Southerner, and to what it led; and if again, from other causes and for other ends, one section of our country shall be set against the other, the North and the South will stand as bravely side by side as they once stood face to face.

"The Jacobean Poets"

By Edmund Gosse. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. GOSSE's little volume will be found a good companion to the new edition of Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets." The playwrights of the reign of James, from their number and importance, naturally get the lion's share of attention, though the satirists and lyrists are not unfairly treated, and "the last Elizabethans," or those whose literary career was divided between the two reigns, have an introductory chapter. "The scope of the work," as the preface tells us, "has made it possible to introduce the names of many writers who are now for the first time chronicled in a work of this nature." As we get little more than the names of these lesser figures, who are each dispatched in a single brief sentence, it is perhaps doubtful whether it was well to give them even that amount of space out of the small sum-total of 200 pages. They might have been left to the dictionaries of biography, where the one reader out of ten thousand who ever cares to look them up knows that he can find them. The criticism of the poets worth noticing is, for the most part, in Mr. Gosse's best vein, and our readers know how good that vein is. A sketch of several pages is sometimes epigrammatically summarized at the close in a happy phrase; as when Daniel is called "a Polonius among poets." Ben Jonson "never lets himself go, and never breathes the breath of life into the Frankenstein monsters of his learned fancy." There you have Ben in a nutshell. Donne, who is treated at greater length than any other author, wrote "the first poems which protested, in their form alike and their tendency, against the pastoral sweetness of the Spenserians"; and his influence "colored poetry for nearly a hundred years." We are surprised, however, that Mr. Gosse believes that the harsh song at the opening of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" "can scarcely be but by Shakespeare himself." It has some good lines, but the rest limp and grate as no lyric of Shakespeare's could. So careful a writer as Mr. Gosse might have been expected to find out by this time that *avocations* in the sense of *vocations*, or regular employments, is improper, though common enough in good authors. We were inclined to think *passages* a misprint from *patches*, when we first read this on p. 187:—"The purple passages are interwoven with the commonest sacking." This forgets Horace, though evidently suggested by him, and mixes the metaphor withal; but "purple passages" occurs again on p. 197:—"The verse * * * sinks, between the purple passages, to a leaden dullness"; where again the figure seems to lack unity and congruity. But this nodding happens only at rare intervals with our Edmund.

Educational Literature

"EVERY TIME a new idea comes into the world, a new church is created to put it in," saith the preacher. And every time an old word is spelled a new way, whether right or wrong, a new Little Language-Book is created to put it in, saith the teacher. One might imagine from the way Little Language-Books are piled on our tables, so high that they reach the ceiling, that the Queen's English was in danger of being torn to tatters. There are three ways in which a child may become conversant with good English. It may learn it through hearing it at home and reading well-written books; it may make a technical study of grammar and persistently apply its rules in speaking; or, it may learn it through the unremitting efforts of a skillful teacher. The teacher who is well-trained in pedagogy and works on psychological principles will never want a language-book as a guide, nor will she want her pupils burdened with one. But, as the mass of teachers and superintendents are not trained in pedagogy, and as uniformity is required in most cities, it comes about that a book is necessary until the untrained teacher acquires some method of teaching "language," or good English. The best book for this purpose is the one that leads the teacher along psychological lines of thought; for children that are too young to study grammar are going to lean largely on the teacher in the study of language, or English, even

if they have a text-book before them. There is one language-book, written by an enthusiast on the subject of English, whose work shows psychological insight at every step. The only fault to find with it is that the author, over-valuing the importance of his subject, has crowded in three times as much matter as is expedient to put before children, and so has, to some extent, hidden the force and power of his work in its voluminous pages. But he had something to say and he said it with the spirit of a Thomas à Kempis. No one can take up the Reed and Kellogg Language-Book (Maynard, Merrill & Co.,) and not be impressed with the author's honesty and sincerity and intelligence. His logic is above reproach and his attitude that of a philosopher—not that of a money-maker. He has made a business of making that book, and he is not at a dozen professions besides. It is the best book of the sort on the market. There is another honest book for the study of technical grammar among younger children. It is old, but it is not old-fashioned. The books that have come in to supplant it have no other business than that of supplanting it, and are mere burlesques by the side of it. Any child in lower grammar grades can learn to speak correctly from a careful study of Greene's Introduction (Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.). The definitions are terse and fitting and the work logical. Alas, it teaches parsing, and lo! a dozen little imitations of it have sprung up to avoid parsing. And the definitions go prancing around a mile out of the way to mean the same thing and not say it, for fear of stepping on the copyright law. This is the best and most useful of little technical grammars yet produced in America, if it does "parse" and "analyze."

TO THE REVIEWER who knows the ground and is well-acquainted with the ins and outs of school-book publishing, it is perfectly apparent that books are made by the dozens to take the place of better books, for no reason whatever except that some school superintendent, thinking himself to hold a balance of power, and some publishing company desiring a handle whereby to hold him, concoct a book by their single or united efforts, a scheme to oust the other party. If a teacher in the rank and file on a pittance of \$500 or \$600 a year, out of the abundance of her own immediate experience in her daily work, prepares notes, and some publisher finds them valuable enough to publish, she is reprimanded for it, and told that it interferes with her work to publish a book. But if a superintendent, on \$5000 or more a year, scrabbles together superficial notes on what he has seen his teachers do, and out of the depths of their toil makes a text-book, the royalty on whose thousands of copies shall swell his income, it is very laudable. The superiors he has nailed into office pat him on the back and call him a genius. It does happen once in a while that the modest genius of a school-room gets the reward of her own labor. We are reminded of a school-book publisher, interested in education as well as in educational markets, who stepped into a little country school in one of the lonely districts of the Old Granite State at the right time to hear a good lesson. The interest of the children was so intense that he begged leave to look over the teacher's copious notes: he found a complete book at hand, whose modest writer assured him she did not believe them worth anything. The book was published and the author has never failed to receive from one to two or three thousand dollars a year from it since. But it was a book out of the heart and the life and the daily work of the maker. There was one little book that never came into notice to any extent that deserved a better fate. The Howland Language-Book showed a poet's taste, if it did not have the "horse-sense" of more technical works. It was at least the expression of an ideal. To finish up the Little Language-Books—Hall's, and Morgan's, and Maxwell's, and Swinton's and all the rest, one is equally good with another, except that Swinton's is a trifle better.

"ENGLISH IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS," by C. M. Gayley and C. B. Bradley, is a treatise of supreme merit, although very unpretentious. It is published by the University of California, a State decidedly ahead of many eastern States in educational thought and work. The subject is introduced under "Sequence of Studies," a point no longer disputed among modern educators of any standing, and it is continued under the topics "Elements of Grammar," "Science of Grammar," "Word Study," "Composition and Rhetoric." Introduction to poetry is treated under the topics "Mythology in Literature," "Poetry Other than the Drama," "The Drama," "Shakespeare in Schools," "Prose—The Essay—Orations and Arguments—Narrative and Novel." This is followed by a valuable "Study for Teachers." Little Language-Books are entirely ruled out, with the exception of Miss Hardy's "Composi-

tion Exercises." Whitney's "Essentials of English Grammar" is put forth, deservedly, too, as being the best single text-book available in high schools, on account of its scientific spirit and method, while Greene's "Analysis of the English Language" is probably unsurpassed as a masterly discussion within school-book limits of the logical relations which subsist between the elements of sentences. To have mastered its discussion of the various aspects of causal relations is to have the cobwebs swept out of one's brain and to experience the sensation of clear vision." The authors of this pamphlet know their ground at every point, and the little book is worthy of a good binding in cloth with a gilt top. It reaches directly from reasoning in words and sentences into the realness of what is poetic and æsthetic, suggesting constantly methods of criticism not of a Philistine, carping spirit. And it outlines studies in literature that are broad and wholesome.

A WORD OF unqualified praise belongs to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for their work in the field of education. They have flung open the treasuries of America's best writers to the public schools. Who ever knew them to approach the sanctuary of public education with any book not worthy the attention of the best mind in the land? "The War of Independence," by John Fiske (Riverside Literature Series), is another addition to the literature of America—not merely to its text-book literature. It is literature first of all, and a school-book afterward.—ANOTHER PAMPHLET in the same Series is "The First Five Chapters of a History of the United States," by John Fiske, with topics and answers by Frank A. Hill. Mr. Fiske, better than any other writer on American history, knows how to sift matters and present salient points. Little Histories, like Little Language-Books, have sprung up by hundreds, but "the best book for older people" is very often the best book for younger people. It is so in this instance.—THE "SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS," likewise in this Series, is the best inexpensive edition of that classic yet given to the public. It contains a facsimile (reduced) of *The Spectator* of June 14, 1712. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"THE PROGRESSIVE SPELLER," by F. P. Sever, has some novel and commendable features, as, for instance, the attention given to pronunciation in connection with the spelling exercises; the liberal use of written work, well illustrated by "script" type; and the progressive training in composition, including letter-writing. It is suited to all grades from the primary to upper classes in the grammar-school. (D. C. Heath & Co.)

AN OUTLINE OF HERBART'S PEDAGOGICS," by Ossian H. Lang, is as good a little booklet with so tremendous a subject as can well be put into 72 pages. The life of Herbart, his works, motives and leading principles, are briefly summarized and well told. Herbart will never supplant Froebel.

"One of the few immortals
That were not born to die,"

but every teacher, no matter how busy, wants a knowledge of him, be it ever so superficial. (E. L. Kellogg & Co.)—"A SYLLABUS OF ETHICS," by William M. Bryant, M.A., of the St. Louis Normal School, is a digest of Hegel's philosophy, or, rather, it is a treatise on the Science of Human Conduct with a strong leaning toward the Hegelian side, for the little work is an original and spirited production, terse and profoundly interesting, notwithstanding the fact that the author seems to have condensed a vast ethical erudition into a small bit of literature. The modest little pamphlet treats of the science of ethics in all its aspects, historic, (mythic), scientific, complimentary, objective and subjective. The book is so good that it ought to have been bound in cloth for a "pocket-volume." (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.)—"ETHICS AND THE NEW EDUCATION," by the same author, is a lecture given before the St. Louis Institute of Pedagogy, and is, in the main, an ethical review of "Les Misérables." The preface states that its appearance is due to the suggestion of a number of friends, principally that of Mr. F. E. Cook of the Institute. No such apology was necessary for the publication of the pamphlet, and it is neither the better nor the worse for the recommendation. The main idea running through the treatise is that the "New Education" is the development of moral sense:—"No man can see God and go on living the same way." The spirit of the essay is sweet and delicate and religious. It is "a good sermon." (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.)

COMPARING Prof. George A. Osborn's "Elementary Treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus, with Examples and Application," with recent text-books on the differential and integral calculus, one is impressed with its excellent teaching qualities. The work is

based on the method of limits. The meaning of the differential coefficient is clearly set forth both by definition and illumination. The definition of the word function given on page 1 is faulty and confusing. In chapter III the rules and processes of differentiation are clearly stated and vigorously proved. Numerous problems are given for the student to solve. Maclaurin's Theorem is derived before Taylor's, and both are treated in a very elementary and satisfactory manner. The French and German writers use a distinctive symbol for the partial differential coefficient and have been followed in this by several English writers. Prof. Osborn uses the same symbol for both partial and total differential coefficient. The applications to plain curves and maxima and minima are treated as fully and completely as a book of this character demands. Integration is treated as the reverse of differentiation. Many useful applications of the subject are given, such as the application of double integration to moments of inertia. On the whole, for a shorter course in this subject, no better book has been written in this country. (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.)

THE ADAPTATION, by Irving Stringham, of C. Smith's "Elementary Algebra" to American schools will receive a hearty welcome. The subject matter specified by nearly all American colleges as the requirement for admission is treated in a thoroughly scientific manner. The book possesses peculiar merits above most others covering the same ground. Prominence is given to the fundamental processes, to Homer's synthetic division in the chapter on division, and to factoring, from which the solution of the quadratic equation is very appropriately deduced. A short discussion of the complex number, also, is introduced in the chapter on surds. Many other subjects not usually found in elementary algebra are included. Prof. Stringham has evidently felt the need of supplying a book for American schools that will bridge over the chasm existing between preparatory mathematics and the work usually taken up during the first year in our best colleges. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN J. T. PRINCE'S "Arithmetic by Grades," Books I to VIII, the subject matter and exercises are arranged as nearly as possible to suit graded schools. The plan is based somewhat on the methods used in the public schools of Germany. Greater convenience and economy are gained by arranging the work in a separate part for each grade, instead of using a larger book for several years. Mensuration is introduced as early as Book IV, and in Books VII and VIII we find chapters on geometrical exercises and measurements, which, if properly presented, will give the pupil much valuable information in regard to geometrical forms and facts. In the last Book simple exercises in algebra are given, such as will lead to a familiarity with algebraic expressions and a better understanding of general principles. If the line of work laid out is followed, the transition from arithmetic to algebra and geometry will not be so abrupt as it usually is. A Teacher's Manual to accompany "Arithmetic by Grades" has been prepared by the same author. It gives suggestions as to methods of teaching, illustrative processes, explanations, answers to exercises, etc. Throughout, considerable attention is paid to mental arithmetic, a subject much neglected in American schools, and one in which the German schools excel. An intelligent teacher will be greatly assisted by this book. The aim seems to be to cultivate accuracy in computation and self-reliance in reasoning processes. (Ginn & Co.)—A LITTLE PAMPHLET of 38 pages, entitled "What Time Is It?" has been prepared by H. T. Clauder of Bethlehem, Pa. It has for its object the teaching and reckoning of solar and standard time and longitude. Exercises and problems are given intended for school use. (Published by the author.)

THE THIRTEENTH part of the "Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française, du Commencement du XVIIe. Siècle jusqu'à Nos Jours," covers the words "Épreuve"—"Faute." Being an etymological dictionary, and one that pays special attention to transformations and early uses and meanings, the book partakes more or less of the nature of an encyclopædia. It will hardly replace the work of the great French lexicographers, but promises to become, in its own field, a decidedly useful as well as conscientiously compiled book of reference. (Paris: Librairie Charles Delagrave.)

—PROF. W. H. CARRUTH has prepared an excellent working edition of Schiller's "Wallenstein," as composed of the prologue, "Wallenstein's Lager," and the drama proper, "Die Piccolomini," and "Wallenstein's Tod." Intended for use in college class-

es, this edition contains a minimum of translation and grammatical notes, and a maximum of literary and historical information. Carlyle called "Wallenstein" "the greatest dramatic work of which the eighteenth century can boast," and it is certainly Schiller's noblest contribution to German literature. This edition has been adorned with pictures of Wallenstein, Octavio Piccolomini, Tilly and Gustavus Adolphus, a facsimile of the close and signatures of the "revers" of Jan. 12, 1634, a reproduction of Piloty's "Seni Beside Wallenstein's Body," and a map of Eastern Germany in the years 1630-50. (Henry Holt & Co.)

The Lounger

M. PAUL SABATIER has addressed an appreciative note of thanks to the reviewer of his "Life of Saint Francis of Assisi" in *The Critic* of March 31. The note, which is reproduced here in facsimile, expresses anew the author's constant aim: to make Christians, rather than orthodox Churchmen; and from a sketch of his life and work, published in the September *Book Buyer*, we learn that he has practised for many years what he preaches so eloquently in his admirable and encouraging book. He was born at S. Michel de Chabrilanoux, a little village of the Cevennes, on Aug. 3, 1858, and felt called at an early age to follow his father's vocation as an evangelical minister. He studied theology in Paris, 1880-5, and in the latter year was called to Strassburg as vicar of the Church of St. Nicholas. Here he worked and spread his doctrines in a series of remarkable sermons, which were cut short in 1889, when the Ger-



16 Dec 1894

Monsieur,

Les paroles par lesquelles vous
terminiez votre très intéressant article
sur la Vie de S. Fr. : "Son but n'est
pas calculé, ni même son orthodoxie,
but il est libéral à l'égard du Christ."
est le plus bel éloge qu'on ait jamais
fait de mon livre. J'en ai été si
ému que j'en ai écrit quelques lignes
pour vous en remercier à travers
l'opinion des journaux. Je compte
vous en adresser de main.

Paul Sabatier
à Chateauguillet
par Crest
(Drôme)

man Government offered him the choice between naturalization as a German subject and deposition from his charge. Protests were in vain, and the preacher, who had kept free from all political issues, but felt a true Frenchman at heart, was forced to give up his pastorate. He returned to his birthplace in the mountains, refused a call to a Paris church, but offered his services, instead, to the wretchedly poor mountain community of St. Clerge-la-Serre, which had for ten years been seeking a pastor in vain. Here he finished the *Life of Saint Francis*, begun in 1883. The whole Christian world shares in the interest aroused by the book; and there are signs that in France, at least, it will have a profound, practical influence upon the "neo-Christian" movement.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR'S recent visit to this country reminds me of something that happened on one of his earlier visits here. It was in the days when, being not yet knighted, he was still known as Dr. Lyon Playfair. Arriving in a Western town, the distinguished traveller was astounded and enraged, the next day, at finding the boardings covered with signs announcing the arrival of Dr. Lyon Playfair, who would see his patients at certain hours so long as he remained at the hotel. He lost no time in seeking out the impostor, and protesting against this outrage. "How dare you use my name, sir?" he exclaimed with flashing eyes. "Because I have never used any other," was the medicine-man's mild reply. "I was born Playfair, christened Lyon, and have been a doctor ever since I became a man." There was nothing for the Englishman to do but to learn his namesake's route, and plan his own journey to avoid crossing it again.

MR. TIMOTHY COLE, the engraver, gives an account, in a private letter, of an amusing experience in the Louvre:—"While I was working on 'The Fish-Market,' by Van Ostade, an elderly lady and a young gentleman stopped in front of the picture. They were much attracted by what I was doing, and the lady asked her companion if he knew what I was about; he very readily answered that I was etching. 'But,' she responded, more attentively regarding me as I engraved, 'he appears to be cutting on wood.' 'Etching on wood,' was the offhand return. I could not repress a smile as I worked on, and they watched me in silence. 'I should think,' resumed the old lady, 'that if he made a false cut or mistake, it would be the ruin of all he had done?' 'Oh no,' was the nonchalant reply, 'all he would have to do is to scratch it out and do it over again.' 'Indeed! how so?' Here my involuntary glance of surprise, as I looked up from my block, met the inquiring eyes of the questioner. It was time for me to explain, which I did, correcting the gentleman's erroneous idea—evidently derived from seeing the process of etching—of a wood-engraver's being able to remedy anything he had once cut, by scratching it out. We then fell into conversation, and I learned that the young man was an art-critic, which accounted for the confidence with which he uttered his opinions. He spent two weeks in journeying to St. Petersburg, but two days sufficed to render him thoroughly conversant with all the art-treasures of the Hermitage. 'Do you know,' he said, with the look of one who had made an important discovery, 'Rembrandt had really no imagination?' I was about to expostulate, but more wisely held my peace. 'Have you ever reflected,' he continued, 'how much of our admiration of any of these famous men may be due to their respective popularity? Once let a man become popular, and there's no end to the many fine qualities with which he will be endowed.' I let him go on. Van Ostade, 'though unimaginative like the rest of the Dutchmen,' he thought finer than Rembrandt, in spite of the fact that he was not so popular a man. Yet he could not get over 'his evident fondness for painting ugly old men and women.' He seemed, he said, to paint whatever happened to come along, and was, in this respect, but a type of his school, which had no reason for painting anything.

"BUT THE funniest part of it came," continues Mr. Cole, "when on learning my name he exclaimed, 'Ah yes, I remember your 'Voyage of Life'—'Cole's Voyage of Life,' to be sure!' He was not long in taking his leave upon my informing him that the Cole he referred to had finished his voyage of life long before the present one was born. It was only after he had disappeared, however, that I thought of some appropriate things I might have said, in answer to a few of his many glib remarks.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S account of his first book in the current number of *McClure's* gives the story of the inception and birth of "Treasure Island." He was helping a child to draw and paint a map one day, when the idea came to him, suggested by the attractive and mysterious look of the map. He wrote out the story chapter by chapter, reading it aloud to the assembled family as each was finished. One day Dr. Japp called, looking up new writers for *Young Folks*, and the chapters were read to him. He took them off in his bag and left an order for the completed tale. Notwithstanding this encouragement it was a long time before Mr. Stevenson could get on with the story. He made one attempt after another and failed. One day the inspiration came and he finished it. The first name for the story was "The Sea Cook," but Dr. Japp re-christened it "Treasure Island." It attracted no attention in *Young Folks*, but afterwards, when published in book-

form by Cassell & Co., it made the author famous. Mr. Stevenson was thirty-three years of age at this time and married. He had written other things and was patted on the back as a rising man, and yet he had not been able to make \$1,000 a year. "Treasure Island" proved a treasure island indeed, and to-day Mr. Stevenson is one of the best-paid writers, if not the best. Time and talent work wondrous changes.

THE QUESTION "Does authorship pay?" is always an interesting one, and one the discussion of which holds the attention of laymen as well as professional writers. There is only one phrase to answer it:—"yes, and no." It pays some people and it doesn't pay others. It pays Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Howells and others whom I could name, but it does not pay a friend of mine, who sent me the last "royalty statement" he had received from his publisher by way of proof. Here it is:—

"NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1894.

"Mr. Shelley Pease

In account with Aldus, Plantin & Co.

By royalty for six months to date on 3 'Poems' @ .05 .15

"According to agreement, we shall remit you the above amount in four months."

THINK OF EARNING only fifteen cents on your poems in six months, and then having to wait four months longer for the cash! In justice to my friend, I must say that it was not a book of his own poems that found so slight appreciation, but a compilation that he had made of the poems of more distinguished writers; and it was not a new book on the market at the time that this "royalty statement" was made. I have heard almost as bad an account, however, from a well-known English poet—one of the best of the lot, too, in my humble judgment. "What do you suppose," he said to me one afternoon in London, as we sipped our tea in his pretty drawing-room overlooking the Thames, "what do you suppose was the sum of money I received from one of your leading American publishing-houses for copyright editions of two of my books, for two years?" I couldn't guess, but hazarded 100/, not wishing to strike too low. "You flatter me," he replied; "3/ was the amount—or, to be quite accurate, 3/ 5s. 3d." I must say that I was surprised, for, while he is not a popular writer of either prose or verse, he is original and scholarly, and has a great many followers among young men who admire virility in letters. He didn't think for a moment that the publishers had played him false, but he wondered how such things could be, particularly as he hears that he has quite a following in "the States." It may be that his admirers are among the reviewers whose copies of his books are complimentary. You can have quite a circulation among the reviewers without materially increasing your bank-account—particularly if your work appeals to the cultured few.

UNION SQUARE has been disfigured for months by what looks like two huge, unpainted packing-boxes, standing at the north-east corner of the little park. The unsightly structure is built around the drinking fountain designed by Olin Warner, and is intended as a protection against possible injury. The sculptor made a miscalculation, it seems, the result of which was that every team that stopped to drink at the fountain knocked off a piece of the stone-work. To the layman it would appear that this defect might be remedied otherwise than by discontinuing the use of the fountain for drinking purposes, and hiding it from sight. If it cannot be remedied, then the whole thing should be removed. In its present condition, it is an eyesore. The unpainted box enclosing it is rapidly filling up with withered leaves and twigs, broken brooms and yesterday's newspapers. Having removed this unsightly object, the Park Commissioners should next set themselves the task of redeeming the two strips of worse than Saharan desert skirting the sidewalk on the north side of Fifty-ninth street, between Fifth and Eighth avenues. On each side of the walk there is a wide border of earth that was meant to be covered with turf. Not a blade of grass relieves its barrenness; it is an unbroken stretch of dust on dry days, and mud on wet ones. Sown with grass-seed or properly sodded and kept constantly sprinkled with water, it would work a transformation almost inconceivable, making the now hideous thoroughfare a thing of beauty. The same reformation is needed, though not quite so grievously, in Fifth Avenue above Sixtieth Street.

MR. I. ZANGWILL, whose discussion of some "Men, Women and Books" opens this week's *Critic*, first attracted attention with a story called "Children of the Ghetto," published not more than two or three years ago. Since then he has been attracting more attention with stories of Jewish life—"Ghetto Tragedies," "The King of Schnorrers"—and essays upon literary subjects. It is said that he does not like the idea of being considered a specialist in literature, and "The Master," now running in *Harper's Weekly*, will be found in quite another vein. Mr. Zangwill has worked hard to win such fame as he has now achieved. He wrote for years before his work found recognition, and now, according to his own confession, he sells everything he writes before it is written. A friend, writing in *Harper's Weekly*, thus describes his personal appearance:—"Walk down Fleet Street some bright spring afternoon and see Zangwill



come slowly along, peering with shortsighted vision into shop windows, with an abstracted air. He usually wears a long black frock-coat, and his raven curls are surmounted by a curious little soft black hat, which seems to have as many shapes as a chameleon has hues. He generally carries some MSS. under his arm, is slightly round-shouldered, thin, without a particle of color, stoops a little, and scorns an umbrella in any weather." The description is an accurate one. I saw Mr. Zangwill at the unveiling of the Keats memorial bust in the Parish Church at Hampstead, this summer, and can testify. He wore the long frock-coat, but, being in a church, carried the little soft felt hat in his hand. The likeness he bears to the late Lord Beaconsfield is more marked in real life than in any picture I have seen of him. The sketch we give is reproduced from a London paper and represents him in the act of making an after-dinner speech.

London Letter

THE PERSONNEL of a London publishing-house is not, as a rule, a matter of great moment to its constituents. Partners come and partners go: there are exultations and abasements of immense interest to the front office, but still the literary world fails to halt and watch the struggle, "like Joshua's Moon on Ajalon." There are, however, vivid exceptions, and everyone who talks about books has been interested to hear during the last few days that Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane have decided to dissolve partnership. Of course, there had been rumors of such a probability during the summer, but they lacked authority; and were I to repeat in these columns half the delicate morsels of report that fall from the publishers' table from week to week, I should scarcely, perhaps, keep the management of *The Critic* out of the arms of trouble. Now, however, the thing is settled, and the parting imminent. The occasion is not unimportant, because, during the three—or is it four?—years of their partnership, Messrs. Mathews & Lane have achieved a success that has wrought a little revolution in the publishing-world. It was no small triumph to have made sales of the unsaleable, and that is practically what the managers of "The Bodley Head" have done in finding an active market for the products of minor poetry. They found verse a piece of wares which a man brought shyly to the pavement and offered with the blush of shame; they leave it goods to be boasted of upon the Rialto, and pushed with success at every corner where merchants most do congregate. I say, this is no small triumph; and the parting of their ways may well give the poetaster pause. "Will they thrive apart as they thrived together?" is a question it were impertinent to ask; but it is a problem that, doubtless, sits heavy on the heart of several of their constituents to-day. "The Bodley Head," indeed, is to be torn asunder in very truth. Its trunk—the office and premises—remains to the senior partner, Mr. Elkin Mathews; its head—the goodly name of Bodley under which it trades—is to be nailed to the opposite postern, side by side with the door-plate of Mr. John Lane. For the partners are not to be parted afar.

Mr. Lane, it is understood, has taken chambers in the Albany, which he will furnish as an office; and a window will be opened from them into Vigo Street itself, almost facing the old place of business. The old and the new "Bodley Heads" can thus nod each other good morning to the top of their bent. Mr. Lane's new rooms, by the bye, are a place of memories. At one time they belonged to Macaulay; latterly, they formed the office of *The Saturday Review*, before it emigrated to Southampton Street; and the very shelves that once bore the files of that clever journal will now carry the stores of poetry at which, since then, it has occasionally girded. And so, enough of the change for the present. All those friends, and they are many, who in the past have experienced the courtesy and amiability of Messrs. Mathews and Lane in unison, will wish them, severally and apart, a double portion of that success which has hitherto enwrapped their close-set shoulders. And the more conservative of us, perhaps, will regret to be obliged to split our sympathy.

Talking of alterations, the sundering of old ties, and at the same moment of *The Saturday Review*, reminds one that, during the last fortnight, that paper has undergone certain changes in proprietorship. The matter has been a good deal paragraphed, and people seem to be expecting, and, indeed, fearing, that the new ownership will imply alterations in the policy and staff of the paper. I believe, however, that this will not be the fact, and many will be glad to hope so. Mr. Edmunds, who has bought the paper, proposes to edit it himself, so Mr. Pollock has naturally retired. But Mr. George Saintsbury, who has for years been one of the mainstays of the *Saturday*, remains; and with him, presumably, the old staff. Mr. Pollock, I hear, has ideas about starting an entirely new paper on an altogether novel basis, but its character and claim to newness are as yet unsuggested. In journalism, indeed, every fresh week reminds us that under the sun there is nothing wholly new.

The autumn is to see the re-publication in this country of some short stories by Mr. George Meredith, contributed about ten years ago to one of the magazines—I believe to *The London Quarterly*. Together they will form a little volume, which is to be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and will take its title from the first of the stories, "The Tale of Chloe." The stories have been issued in book-form in America, but are very little known in England to any but the most conscientious Meredithians. It is not improbable that the author may write a short preface to greet their reappearance. With the new publishing season we are also to have the collected letters of Matthew Arnold, filling three goodly volumes. They should form an invaluable addition to literature, for those who have seen the manuscript report that not only do they give a faithful indication of Arnold's private character and temperament, but contain, also, a great deal of literary criticism of a singularly individual and representative kind. The Macmillans announce, further, the complete works of Tennyson, including "The Foresters" and "The Death of Enone," in one volume at seven shillings and sixpence—a book which will undoubtedly form the staple Christmas gift of the season. Among forthcoming novels to which I have not hitherto made allusion will be a new story by Dr. George MacDonald, entitled "Lilith." And thereby hangs a humorous paragraph, which is just appearing in one or two of the newspapers. Dr. MacDonald has been engaged on this story for a long while, but its title has only just been announced. No sooner is the name mentioned than there comes a solemn threat of battle to this effect:—"If Dr. George MacDonald persists in calling his new story 'Lilith,' he may expect trouble from the authoress of 'The Soul of Lilith.'" Soon we shall be having copyright in all Biblical names, and the authors of "David," "Cain" (not Byron's, by the bye), "Barabbas," "Adam and Eve" and all the rest of them will take rank with the Patriarchs and Evangelists. But Dr. MacDonald is probably not very nervous. That the good thing never dies is further exemplified this week by the announcement that the proprietors of *Chums*, a boys' paper of much popularity, are about to run serially in their pages a reprint of Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure Island." It is an excellent idea, and one that deserves to be widely followed. The literature of juvenile journalism is apt to be a very poor thing, and everything is to be gained, and nothing lost, by giving youth the best that has been provided for it. Probably the lead will be followed with no great delay.

Mr. Wilson Barrett had no sooner scored a great success with "The Manxman," than he had to face trouble at home—trouble in which all his admirers will sympathize. It is only a few weeks since he lost his daughter, and during the last few days he has received the sad news of the death of his brother, Mr. George Barrett, at the comparatively early age of

forty-seven. Mr. George Barrett was an extremely able comedian, who shared in all his brother's early successes; and those who saw him in the revival of "Hamlet" at the Princess's Theatre, will remember him as unquestionably the best First Gravedigger in his generation.

With the appearance of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new light opera, Mr. George Grossmith will return to the lyric stage—a return that will be heartily welcomed by every playgoer. The new opera is set by Mr. Osmond Carr, who succeeded so well in "Joan of Arc," "In Town" and "Morocco Bound," and is now in rehearsal at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The scene is laid in Denmark, and the action passes in the time of Nelson, who does not, however, appear in the list of characters. Mr. Grossmith will be supported by his old associates, Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Jessie Bond, and his part is that of a court official who, somewhat after the plan of "The Mountebanks," is hoodwinked by the manager of a travelling company, masquerading as a prince of the blood. From this forecast it would appear that the book will be not altogether off the old lines of Savoy opera, but most of us will agree that, within its limits, Savoy opera is as good as any made, and will look forward to a thorough treat when the Prince of Wales's reopens for the winter season.

LONDON, Sept. 1, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

IT WOULD TAKE a man 70 years to pass through Harvard College, if he studied every course offered in the catalogue. This statement, which I recently heard, sounds large, but when one considers that about a year ago President Eliot declared that it would then take a man 55 years to complete the Harvard courses, the new figuring does not seem extravagant. Under the fostering care of its President, Harvard never stands still. In fact, one might say, never advances slowly, but always takes strong, sturdy, unceasing steps to the front. This year, for instance, the department for architecture has been added to its scientific courses. The department is laid out on practical lines by working architects, and has Herbert Langford Warren at its head. I believe that the late Arthur Rotch took much interest in this department, which he helped to found. Then, another four years' course in science for teachers has been added, while the engineering courses, which last year numbered 18, have now been built up to 43. Military science is another new department, conducted by a Government officer. This will well illustrate the extension of education offered at Harvard. I may add a word about the Boston schools, as everybody now is talking of the opening of the schools. On the authority of Supt. Seaver it may be stated that 7,000 children have entered the grammar-schools this year. The Superintendent calls attention, also, to a curious study of proportions between the number entering and the number completing the full courses. He says that by the time the third grade in the grammar-school is reached, the number drops off, until finally only about one-third of those who enter complete the grammar course. Only about one-sixth of the original grammar-school applicants enter the high-school, and one-eighth receive high-school diplomas. Mr. Seaver adds a good word for the Jewish and Italian children. They are, he says, very bright and progress rapidly, but it is difficult to keep them in school till fourteen years old, the full limit required by law. He does not know yet whether John Fiske's new History of the United States will be adopted by the public schools, but pays a compliment to its author when he says:—"As a rule I have always thought that a text-book prepared by a specialist in the branch treated is to be preferred to one made up by a professional school-book maker. Mr. Fiske's reputation as a historian is well established, and upon general principles I should say that such a book would be valuable for educational purposes."

That is also a pleasant comment on Prof. Fiske's work, which Frank Sanborn makes in the columns of the *Advertiser*. Alluding to the New England writers of to-day, Mr. Sanborn says that of the school of historians for which Boston has been remarkable, John Fiske is almost the sole survival. This critic, one of the last two survivors of the Concord School of Philosophy, if I remember correctly, has some rather strong words regarding the present condition of our New England literature. He can see no signs of any author actually bringing new revelations or predicting the coming of new revelations. The line of noble oratory that included Channing, Webster, Everett, Choate and Phillips has ended, he says, while the flame on the altar of the poetic muses has fallen so low that to-day there are many rhymesters of both sexes, but few poets of original, or even conspicuous *derived*, force and melody. Mr.

Sanborn thinks that we have to turn to our story-tellers now, when we consider the New England writers of the present, and in that line he puts the women first. The most popular writers of fiction we have produced, he says, were women, Mrs. Stowe and Louisa Alcott, while Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins and Mrs. Deland continue to hold up the high reputation of the woman writers. Mr. Sanborn thinks the philosophic, sociologic and other semi-scientific authors are coming more to the front, while criticism is still well represented by Col. Higginson, Prof. Everett, Mr. Woodberry and others. Musical criticism he regards as at a high point here, but art, he finds, has no distinguished representative besides Prof. Norton.

And now for a bit of news. The admirers of James Jeffrey Roche's sterling verse will be glad to know that another volume of poems from his pen is soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will include all his work of the past five years, and will be led by that strong and stirring poem of the Armstrong privateer, which, originally published in the magazines, has gone the rounds of the country. Most of the poems will deal with naval subjects, to which Mr. Roche has a happy faculty of giving enthusiastic strength as well as poetic grace. Walter Blackburn Harte, whose "In a Corner at Dodsley's" papers made a strong "hit" with *New England Magazine* readers, has collected a book of essays to be brought out this fall by the Arena Pub. Co. It is characteristically entitled "Meditations in Motley; a Bundle of Papers Imbued with Sobriety of Midnight."

Looking over some old-time amateur papers in the possession of Dr. Samuel A. Green, I ran across one containing a verse by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which I will quote. The little paper itself (measuring 6½ by 3 inches) was *The Excelsior*, published in Boston in 1858. This is the most interesting news I gathered from the little sheet:—

"The finest of wits, Oliver Wendell Holmes, sent two poetical letters to the 'Post Office' of an Episcopal Fair at Pittsfield.

"In one of them the first stanza was:—

'Fair lady, whosoever thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care,
And hush, O hush thy beating heart.—
The one thou lovest will be there?'

"On turning the 'poor leaf' there was found a one dollar bill with some more verses beginning:—

'Fair lady lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter,
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And no ought (o) can make thee love it better. (10).'"

BOSTON, Sept. 11, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

MR. J. H. MCVICKER, who has been for 37 years the honored manager of the theatre which bears his name, has again failed in an attempt to establish a stock-company in this city. To select good material and weld it together into an effective organization, which should have its permanent home here, has long been his chief ambition; and it is melancholy to record the fact that he will probably make no further effort in that direction. He has had many a mischance in these attempts, and the heat and dullness of the present summer were sorely against him. The name of no other manager here, except, perhaps, that of the late Mr. R. M. Hooley, would have given a company the same prestige as his; so it must be that the city is not yet metropolitan enough to support a permanent troupe of players. This year the organization was an exceedingly strong one, and the play selected, which ran about six weeks, was worthy of a warm reception. Written by Augustus Thomas, who made himself famous with "Alabama," it has spirit and vitality enough to animate several ordinary comedies. Its title, "New Blood," suggests the schism between father and son upon which the main plot of the play is based. The characters of the two are subtly indicated and sharply contrasted, but different as they are, they have much in common. Both warm-hearted and affectionate, they are, also, both high-strung, determined and strenuous; but while the father's mind is centred on the success of his business, the son's is touched with modern ideas, radical, generous, socialistic. Out of this difference grow the pivotal scenes of the play, and those in which Van asserts his independence to the capitalists who wish to form a trust, and that in which the dying father yields to his influence, are particularly fine and dramatic.

Mr. Thomas has a strong situation here, but he cheapens it, and somewhat confuses the issue, by introducing a millionaire, who, in a fashion truly romantic, straightens things out and enables Van

to elaborate his plans. The character of the millionaire, however, is cleverly drawn, and, in the hands of Mr. Barrymore, it becomes most seductive. The breakfast scene is a charming bit of pure comedy, and the love-making is as pretty a thing as one would care to see. Indeed, the dialogue is good throughout the play, and now and then it is positively brilliant. Mr. Thomas is too definite, however, to be poetic, and the chief quarrel one has with him is that he winds everything up too neatly in the last act. The play is practically finished at the end of the third act, and the fourth is merely a kind of "So they lived happily ever after." The dramatist sacrifices his art, unfortunately, to a mistaken idea of popularity. His play was well handled by the company that Mr. McVicker had brought together. Mr. E. M. Holland's interpretation of the character of the father was admirable—a fine, consistent and thorough piece of work. Mr. Wilton Lackaye played the son and did it capably, with reserve and distinction. Mr. Barrymore made a decidedly presentable Chicaguan, and Miss Anne O'Neill was thoroughly charming as Gertrude. The other characters, also, were so well taken that it is a pity that the troupe cannot be held together. For the city certainly needs a stock-company of its own, and it would seem as though it were large enough to support one.

It is probable that the building for the Lewis Polytechnic Institute will be erected at once, as a site has been finally selected by the Trustees on the west side of the city. The fund for the establishment and endowment of this school was bequeathed by Mr. Allan C. Lewis, ten or twelve years ago, with the proviso that it should be allowed to accumulate until it should yield an annual income of \$50,000. It now amounts to about \$1,400,000; and plans are being elaborated for the Institute's construction and maintenance. The purpose of the school, as stated by Mr. Lewis in his will, is "to teach young men and women to be self-sustaining"; and the Trustees propose to afford facilities for thorough technical training in many branches.

Mr. Harry B. Smith, the author of "Will Shakespeare, a Comedy," has published, with the same privacy, a new volume of poems. It is carefully printed on hand-made paper at the *Dial* press, and makes an attractive book, with its green cover and decorated title-page. It is a pity, though, that, instead of limiting this private edition to 200 copies, Mr. Smith did not take his chances with the world of readers and reviewers, and publish his "Lyrics and Sonnets" in the ordinary way. He is a collector of books himself, however, as some of these poems confess, with a bibliomaniac's fondness for small editions. But the collector works in this way an injustice to the poet, whose efforts are certainly successful enough to endure publicity. The quality which first impresses one in Mr. Smith's poetry is sincerity. One feels the man himself behind his work, and knows that he has lived through the joys and sorrows he writes of. There is no subtlety in these verses, but the poet has put his heart into his work and given out all that is best in him, earnestly, frankly, with warmth and enthusiasm. The poems in the first part of the book have a touching kind of pathos in them, without being in the least sentimental. It is hidden away in "The Spirit of Autumn," the most complete and poetic of these verses, which begins:—

"Tis not alone the sighs of crisping leaves
Merged with the drone of a belated bee;
'Tis not the rush of swallows from the eaves,
But less of music, more of mystery,
The whirr and flutter of invisible wings,
A murmur of the doom of happy things,
As the spirit of Autumn passes.

"What are the breezes whispering to the willows,
That the glossed leaves upstart and turn so pale?
Why on the undulating little billows
Of pool and lake do wan white lilies sail
Far as they may to seek the sheltering South?
Here in his secret boskage, fern-begirt,
Pan takes the reed-pipe from his pursed mouth
And listens, head inclined and eyes alert,
As the spirit of Autumn passes."

In the poem which follows this one, Mr. Smith's use of the sombre refrain is most effective; but it would have been more artistic if he had omitted the last two stanzas—if he had left some flowery field for the imagination of his reader to wander in. He errs now and then by expressing too much, though in the fine Shakespeare sonnet, which I quoted when it was first printed, and some others, there is plenty of reserve and suggestiveness. "After One Year" has a tender, plaintive music, very different from the gay lilt of "In the Garden," or the blithe Scotch song, beginning:—

"Sin' I am not for thee, lassie,
Sin' I am not for thee,
Why, here's a health to that braw swain
Wha soon will tak thee for his ain;
A health with three times three, lassie,
Sin' thou art not for me."

Several of the light verses towards the end of the book are gay and spirited, and the "Bookish Ballads" will appeal to collectors. It is to be hoped that, hardened though they may be, they will take to heart the moral of the tragic tale which ends, in this recital, with:—

"It haunts me like relentless fate;
Its jeers and sneers I cannot smother,—
This book from which I tore a plate
To 'extra-illustrate' another."

CHICAGO, SEPT. 11, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

Prof. Helmholtz

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND Baron von Helmholtz, the foremost naturalist of our age, died at Berlin on Sept. 8. The wide range of his scientific attainments and services renders it difficult, if not impossible, to estimate as yet, even approximately, the obligations under which he put the human race; but the most widely known of his discoveries, the ophthalmoscope (1851), it may be said, has spared untold hardship and suffering to numberless thousands. Helmholtz was born at Potsdam, on Aug. 31, 1821, the son of a teacher at the Potsdam Gymnasium, where he himself was prepared for the University. He studied medicine at the Royal Military School in Berlin, and, after taking his degree, in 1842, became, first, a surgeon at the Berlin Charity Hospital, and then an army surgeon at Potsdam. In 1843 he published a memoir on putrefaction, and in 1845 wrote several articles for a medical encyclopædia. On July 23, 1847, he read his world-famous paper on "The Conservation of Force" before the Physical Society of Berlin. In recognition, no doubt, of this service to human knowledge he was created assistant in the Anatomical Museum of Berlin in 1848. He was made supplementary Professor of Physiology in the University of Königsberg in 1849. Professor at Bonn in 1855, at Heidelberg in 1858, and Professor of Physics at Berlin in 1871. The German Emperor ennobled him in 1883, and in 1891 he was made President and Director of the Physikalisch-Technische Reichsanstalt. His "Conservation of Force" marks a new era in the history of science; his "Manual of Physiological Optics" (1856) is even to-day, in our era of rapid advance in medical matters, one of the great authorities on the subject; and his investigations in acoustic physiology have made his name a household word among the scientists of all nations. Helmholtz shared with Huxley and the late Prof. Tyndall the rare gift of making science popular, and actively cooperated with the latter for many years. In 1893 he visited the Chicago Exhibition, and he was the guest of Columbia College and The Century Club in this city. The list of his published works includes "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion" (1856); "On the Nerves of the Invertebrata" (1842); "A Sketch of the Construction of the Living Eye" (1851); "On the Theory of Permanent Colors" (1852); "On the Relations of Natural Science with the Latest Discoveries in Physics" (1854); "On the Sight of Man" (1855); and papers on "The Sources of Muscular Energy" (1845); "On Heat Generated by Muscular Action" (1848); "On the Distribution of Nerve Matter" and "Measurements Affecting the Periodical Contraction of Muscles and the Distribution of the Nerves Contained in Them" (1850); "On the Force Required for the Production of Electric Currents," "On Brewster's New Analysis of Solar Light" (1851); "On a Method of Measuring Small Intervals of Muscular Action and the Indications of Physical Design" (1852); "On the Formation of Electric Currents in Living Bodies" (1853); "On the Origins of Force According to Claudius" (1854); "On the Lights of the Solar Spectrum," "On the Lines in the Solar Spectrum" and "On the Accommodation of the Eye" (1855); "Physical Optics" (1857); and "The Telestereoscope" (1857).

A School of Sociology

THE SOCIETY for Education Extension of Hartford, Conn., has just sent out the prospectus of a School of Sociology that deserves serious attention. The closing days of the nineteenth century belie the promises of its early years. The hopes it then held out to mankind of a solution of social questions, of minimizing the miseries of poverty and improving the condition of the masses, have hardly been fulfilled. Theories have been made and systems built up; and

the last ten years have witnessed the rising of many prophets—Tolstoi in the East and Bellamy and Howells in the West; the latter two looked at askance and disowned by serious Socialists. Universal suffrage, which was believed to be, and is still potentially, the solution of all social questions, has hitherto only complicated them. That men may use their votes, women their influence, with better judgment; that both may judge with knowledge and full understanding, this School has been planned, to serve as a centre whence teachers shall be sent out; where investigation shall be made of causes and effects in all matters concerning the social organism; which shall publish works on the subject that are at once popular in manner and scientific in treatment, and direct the experiments that promise to bear fair fruit. The magnitude of the work proposed will be seen at once, as will the numerous, and seemingly unsurmountable, difficulties in the way of its success; but of the value of the results aimed at there can be no doubt. Among the lecturers on special subjects will be Prof. John Bascom of Williams College, on "The Philosophy of Sociology"; Prof. Austin Abbott of the New York University Law School, on "The Family: Legally Considered"; Prof. Otis I. Mason, on "Ethnology"; and Prof. William M. Sloane of Princeton, on "The Nation." The School's complete course is of three years' duration, and is open to men and women alike, but for regular students a college diploma, or its equivalent, is required. Non-graduates desiring to follow the entire course can do so, but will not be admitted to matriculation. The School will open on Oct. 5. Full information can be obtained from the President, Chester D. Hartman, or from the Registrar, Alan C. Riley, 625 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

Grolier Club Acquisitions

THE CLUB has received from the library of Mr. D. W. Wolf a collection of valuable books, mainly on printing and bibliography, and including about 80 incunabula. Notable among the latter are 4 volumes printed by Peter Schoeffer at Mainz, dated respectively 1469, 1471, 1474 and 1478; 4 by John Mentelin of Strassburg (1466 and 1476), including the first edition of the Bible in German; specimens of the work of Henry Eggestein (ca. 1470) and Ulrich Zel of Cologne (1473); 4 books printed by Gunther Zainer at Augsburg (1471-2-3); 3 by John Sensenschmidt and Henry Keffer (Nuremberg, 1470-1-2); 8 from the hands of Anthony Koberger (1477-93), including the famous "Nuremberg Chronicles"; a book printed by Berthold Rodt at Basle (ca. 1473); a copy of Philip de Lignamine's famous "Chronicles," printed at Rome in 1474, and containing passages in which Gutenberg, Fust and Mentelin are mentioned as having printed books during the pontificate of Pius II (1458-64); 2 specimens of the work of Nicholas Jenson (Venice, 1478-80); 5 of Erhard Ratdolt (Venice, 1477-84); 2 of John of Cologne (Venice, 1474-5); and 2 specimens by Aldus Manutius, dated 1502, and printed with the famous italic type. A copy of "Vitas Patrum, or Lyves of Holy Faders," printed at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1495, is also of uncommon interest. There are, further, three illuminated manuscripts of great beauty, and several early American books, including Franklin's "Cato Major." The Club will probably exhibit its new treasures some time in November.

Music

At Bayreuth and Munich

[The following extracts form part of a letter, written a few days after the closing of the Bayreuth season, by the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."—EDS. THE CRITIC.]

"I arranged about tickets and lodging in London two months in advance, and spent a week in the Wagnerian stronghold—the time necessary for one "Tannhäuser," one "Lohengrin" and two "Parsifals." I was not at all taken with the town itself, nor with the country round about; both seemed in sad need of editing. "Tannhäuser," as a scenic production, was magnificent; from a vocal point of view it was quite mediocre; as a whole, not worth the time and trouble of going to Bayreuth. "Lohengrin," with Van Dyk and Nordica, was vastly better—in fact, the success of the season. Van Dyk has not the splendid, even trustworthiness of De Reszke, but at his best is perhaps the better of the two. Nordica, both in her costuming and her acting, seemed rather to have knuckled down to the Bayreuth standard, and to be not completely herself, but vocally she was great. It seems that when the Wagnerians want real singing done, they have to go outside of Germany for the singers—to Belgium, or to Boston. I did not

hear "Parsifal" with Van Dyk; at that time he had not yet "made up" with Frau Cosima. This worthy woman, it seems, sits in a front seat at every performance, and at the end comes down with all fours (on general principles) upon all the participants, high and low. Van Dyk felt big enough to protest, so the Parsifal of the early season was Birrenkofen—rather plump and bleaty, like most German tenors, but quite competent. I wonder whether the chastened Nordica had not felt the correcting hand of the eminent widow? However, there was this consolation for Lohengrin-Van Dyk and Elsa-Nordica ("aus Boston"), that at the end of the performance the applause—which kept the whole house together for five or ten minutes—rose to the height of a demonstration—something not too familiarly known, I fancy, to the amphitheatre-châlet on the hill.

"Parsifal" is the great Bayreuth specialty, of course. I thought it put on with great taste and splendor, but the old stagers are beginning to complain that Frau Cosima's innovations are coming to be a distinct detriment to the integrity of the work. The Kundry was Rosa Sucher, from Berlin. Here, again, the old stagers come to the front. They say that Sucher does not make so much of the part as did Materna, for instance (being a smaller woman, perhaps!), and that her voice is not what it used to be five or six years back—as if five or six years were not half a lifetime on the Wagnerian stage! But you of New York may judge for yourselves, presently, if, as I understand, Walter Damrosch has engaged Sucher for the coming season of German Opera at the Metropolitan. Also Marie Brema, if report be true. She was in the "Lohengrin" cast—the best Ortrud I have ever heard. It is a pity you couldn't also have Popovici for the same work; he is the most spunky and vigorous Talemund I ever listened to, and an extremely good singer as well. The Gurnemanz of "Parsifal" was Grengg, who succeeded Scaria at Vienna, and the Amfortas was our old friend Reichmann, whose suave and finished presence is itself a pleasure, and who found it easy enough with his good looks and his fetching voice to make Amfortas the ideal of the fascinating sinner. One may find the Good Friday spell rather slow, and Kundry's account of Parsifal's forebears something of a bore; but when Reichmann, in the last act, refuses to uncover the grail and calls upon the knights to kill him, if they must, why, then you realize how much more interesting bad people are than good people, or people who are trying to be good, and you—follow him!

I may add here a few words about the opera season at the Hof-Theater, Munich—the "rival show," you understand. This season runs from the forepart of August to the forepart of October—four Nibelungen-Rings in all their robust and cruel entirety, together with the proper allowance of "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger." It is the fashion, this summer, to go from Bayreuth to Munich (or vice versa), so I followed up my opening Wagnerian week with a supplementary fortnight, to hear the first "set" of the Ring performances. Vogl and Ternina opened the ball. The coming set will be led, I believe, by Alvary and Klafsky, who were doing Siegfried and Brunnhilde for Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, when I left London last July. The third set by still others—and so on. It occurred to me that, as a preparation for the Nibelungen Lied, it might be well to take in "Tristan and Isolde"—if you can stand *that*, you can stand anything. Gudehus and Moran did this; and I am glad to state that the singing was not nearly so shabby as the scenery. On this score, however, the management made ample amends with their presentation of "Rheingold." This they gave in its original and proper form, that of one continuous act; they drew upon the full resources of the house, and some of their "transformation-scenes," to fall back on a convenient term, were enough to eclipse even the perambulating forest that Bayreuth uses in "Parsifal." Brucke was Wotan, and Standigl was Fricka; both were no more tedious than is necessary. Vogl was at home, of course, as Loge. All these people you know, but I dare say that Ternina is new to you. She is interesting as proving one fact: that a woman doesn't have to weigh 300 pounds in order to accomplish Brunnhilde. If Fräulein Milka ever falls down on the stage in open scene, it won't take three stagehands to set her on her feet again. Briefly, Ternina, is young, slender, handsome, spirited, and looks her part to perfection. She also holds out to the end. She is apparently a great favorite in Munich, but goes to Berlin next year. * * * As for the other eight Valkyres, you may be interested to hear that at Munich they execute their famous ride without horses, or magic lantern slides, or anything of the kind—just eight nimble damsels footing it briskly over the rocks, an arrangement by which the element of absurdity is happily eliminated.

For these performances, Munich has drawn the best that all the

other German towns have to give: Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin, Hamburg and many more are represented in the casts from night to-night—except on those alternate nights when these poor, simple Bavarian souls go to see the historical dramas of Wilhelm Shakespeare. Imagine anybody wanting to see "Henry VI.," or "Richard II.!" That's what they are getting in Munich, though. Can it be that this interleaved fashion of doing things is just the sly German way of hinting that the Bard of Bayreuth is fully the equal of the Swan of Avon? I'm afraid so; if, indeed, he is not held to be superior—for it costs four or five times as much to see the operas as it does to see the plays. Don't fancy that opera in Munich is "cheap." The best places cost 24 marks (\$6), and few places under 10 marks (\$2.50) are worth the having. Many at that price, even, are wretched enough; for the Hof-Theater is built on the antiquated horseshoe plan, with all the defects of that plan in their highest development—it is dim, shabby, awkward, exasperating. The stage is first-class, of the auditorium the less said the better. Of the effect of the auditorium, filled with a legion of music-mad native tourists, all clad in regulation Tyrolean travel togs, you may form your own idea; it is all more curious than distinguished.

SALZBURG, Aug. 27, 1894.

H. B. FULLER.

The Drama

Mr. Drew in "The Bauble Shop"

TIME AND SPACE will permit only a brief reference, this week, to the production of Henry A. Jones's new play, "The Bauble Shop," in the Empire Theatre last Tuesday evening. The piece, as must be well known to most readers of *The Critic*, was presented last winter in the London Criterion Theatre, where it achieved decided, but not brilliant, success. It is a cleverly written and in many respects well-constructed play, but suffers on account of the manifest improbability of its chief incident, the overthrow of a leader of the British House of Commons, and the defeat of the Government, at the hands of a social purity fanatic, who has discovered that his chief has been in the habit of visiting a young girl in very humble circumstances, at unseasonable hours. As a matter of fact, the girl is entirely innocent of even a thought of wrong, and ultimately becomes the honored wife of the persecuted Minister, a result which gives to the whole affair the aspect of a tempest in a tea-pot. The whole story is crammed full of most unlikely incidents, but, putting aside all objections on these grounds, it is obvious, of course, that a strong government cannot be upset at a moment's notice by the mere whisper of a suspected indiscretion on the part of a single member of the Cabinet, and that, too, without even a pretence of investigation. Apart from this one fatal weakness, the play is one of conspicuous merit.

The chief interest of the representation here lay in the performance of the hero, Lord Clivebrook, by Mr. John Drew, who, hitherto, has not been associated artistically with characters of so much weight and seriousness. He acquits himself, on the whole, admirably, and his achievement opens up new possibilities for his future career. He displayed more vehemence than force in the passionate scene with his bigoted persecutor, Stoach, in the second act, but otherwise rose to the necessities of the occasion, and proved himself a comedian capable of much more valuable work than mere elegant trifling. In grace of manner, in self-possession and dignity, he was all that could be required, and his treatment of an uncommonly well-written love-scene was admirably simple, tender and tactful. The supporting company was thoroughly capable, especially good work being done by Mr. J. E. Dodson and Miss Maud Adams. The success of the play was never in doubt, although the interest culminated at the end of the second act.

Notes

"THE MEMOIRS OF BARRAS," which will be published by Harper & Bros. early in 1895, have been announced and expected for many years. Barras was a member of the Convention in 1793, and represented that body when the Republican army laid siege to Toulon. He was chief of the faction which overthrew Robespierre; a member of the Directory, 1795-1799; the friend and protector of the young Buonaparte, whose genius he is said to have been the first to discern, but the implacable enemy of the Emperor Napoleon. In the later years of his life Barras supported the government of the Restoration. He knew intimately the prominent men and women of his time, such as Danton, Robespierre, Carnot, Napoleon, Hoche, Fouché, Talleyrand, Constant, Mme. De Staël and Bernadotte. The Memoirs are said to abound in anecdotes and curious bits of information, and it is claimed that they will af-

ford practically the key to all memoirs which have been written upon Napoleon and his times. They will be edited by George Duruy, the son of the famous historian.

—Dr. A. Conan Doyle has taken his profession as the subject of a collection of stories called "Round the Red Lamp," a red lamp being the "trade-mark" of the English country surgeon's office. Dr. Doyle has probably woven some of his own medical experiences into these tales.

—The first edition of "Trilby," published on Saturday last, consisted of 35,000 copies, but was much too small to meet the demand of the trade. Booksellers who had ordered 700 copies were obliged to take 200, and those who had ordered 200 were forced to content themselves with 75. Of course, the presses are going as fast as they can to fill the old orders and to meet the new demand. The book is published in three volumes in England, by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

—Mr. Rider Haggard, we understand, has recently purchased from Harper & Bros. the entire stock, plates and interest which they held in some fourteen of his novels. Mr. Haggard's authorised publishers in the United States in the future will be the American house of Longmans, Green & Co.

—The Appletons announce "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture," by Otis T. Mason, A.M., Curator of the Department of Ethnology in the United States National Museum, with numerous illustrations, being the first volume in the Anthropological Series edited by Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago. While the books in this Series are intended to be of general interest, they will in every case be written by authorities. In the present volume is traced "the interesting period when with fire-making began the first division of labor—a division of labor based upon sex—the man going to the field or forest for game, while the woman at the fire-side became the burden-bearer, basket-maker, weaver, potter, agriculturist and domesticator of animals."

—Prof. E. L. Richards of Yale, who sympathizes with the game, will have a timely article on "The Football Situation" in *The Popular Science Monthly* for October.

—George A. Hibbard will close a group of articles on American summer resorts with a description of "Lenox," in the October *Scribner's*. He recalls the literary associations of the place with Hawthorne and Fanny Kemble, and describes the social pageant of to-day. In the same number Dr. J. West Roosevelt treats of life "In the Hospital" from the house physician's point of view.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have, we understand, purchased the American book-rights of Mr. George Augustus Sala's forthcoming autobiography, which book must not be confused with the same author's *Recollections*, recently published. Mr. Sala has nearly completed his long-expected *Cookery Book*.

—The J. B. Lippincott Co. announce "The Old, Old Story," by Rosa Nouchette Carey; "Matthew Austin," by William E. Norris; "Sorrow and Song," by Coulson Kernahan; "Olivia," a new story for the young, by Mrs. Molesworth, and a new edition, in five monthly parts, of Thiers's "History of the French Revolution," with 41 steel engravings by William Greatbach. Bill Nye's "Comic History of the United States," published by this house in March, has already passed through seven editions.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in preparation two volumes of Coleridge's letters.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon publish the autobiography of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which contains her reminiscences of many interesting people, among them Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, Bright, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, Lord Shaftesbury, Jowett, Walter Savage Landor, Lady Byron, Adolphus Trollope, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Somerville, Fanny Kemble, Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell and many others.

—"Cœur d'Alene," Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's new novel, will be published next week by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The book relates to the riots in the Cœur d'Alene mines in 1892, and includes many dramatic scenes and an engaging love story. It is said that Mrs. Foote is writing a play from the story.

—Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately a small volume containing the historical and critical parts of Pancoast's "Representative English Literature," which have been modified and amplified; an annotated edition of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," prepared by Prof. George M. Harper of Princeton; and a working description of the grammar-school course of physics followed in the "Cambridge experiment," by Prof. Edwin H. Hall of Harvard, the deviser of the course.

—The first World's Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association will be Miss Annie Reynolds of New Haven, Conn. She is a graduate of Wellesley, has been a special student at Yale, and is an accomplished linguist and practical philanthropist. Her headquarters will be in London, but the position will necessitate much travel on the Continent.

—Roberts Bros. publish to-day "A Saint," by Paul Bourget, from the "Pastels of Men," translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, with twelve illustrations by Paul Chabas.

—Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, will be the subject of a biographical study, by E. P. Mitchell of the *Sun* staff, in *McClure's Magazine* for October. The story of Mr. Dana's connection with Brook Farm, and of his service during the War as Assistant Secretary of War, will be told with especial fullness. Views of his editorial office and of "Dosoris," his country home on Long Island, and a series of portraits will accompany the article.

—The Letters of Emily Dickinson are soon to be issued by Roberts Bros., who are the publishers of her poems.

—A volume of "Tales of the Punjab, told by the People," and written by Mrs. Steel, will be published by Macmillan & Co. It will be illustrated by J. L. Kipling, the father of Rudyard Kipling. The same publishers have also in press a volume of "Selections from the Poems of Aubrey de Vere," by George E. Woodberry of Columbia College.

—Ginn & Co. announce a new, revised edition of Dr. Alfred Gudeman's "Outlines of the History of Classical Philology."

—Mr. Swinburne's "Studies in Prose and Poetry" will be issued in October. "The Journal of Sir Walter Scott," "Recollections of Professor Jowett," "Tennyson on Darwin," and "Essays on Victor Hugo" appear in the book.

—Matthew Arnold's Letters, edited by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M. P., will be published in October, by Macmillan & Co.

—Prof. Heinrich Karl Brugsch (Brugsch Pacha), the philologist and Egyptologist, died at Berlin on Sept. 10. He was born there in 1827, and first visited Egypt in 1853. In 1869 he was appointed keeper of the Egyptian collections at Bulak, a position which he gave up to deliver a series of lectures on his favorite subject at the University of Berlin. Among his works are a "History of Egypt," a "Demotic Grammar," a "Demotic and Hieroglyphic Dictionary," "Materials for the Reconstruction of the Calendar of the Ancient Egyptians" and "Investigations concerning the Old Egyptian Bi-lingual Monuments."

—The death is announced of Mrs. Augusta Webster, an English novelist, poet and playwright. She was born in 1840, and was the daughter of Vice-Admiral George Davies.

—The Count of Paris, who died in England on Sept. 8, was better known to Americans as an ex-Federal Army officer and the author of a History of the Civil War than as the pretender to the royal crown of France. He was an earnest and accomplished student of social questions, especially those touching labor and capital, and a frequent and readable contributor to periodical literature.

—Mr. Skurino, the new Japanese Minister to the United States, was educated at Yale. He is a distinguished diplomat, as his French, German, Russian and Turkish decorations indicate, and is deeply versed in the intricacies of the treaties and conferences existing between this country and Korea.

—Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Boston, Dr. Pentecost and others have cooperated on a People's Pictorial Bible History, to be published simultaneously in this country and England.

—Mr. Chester Holcombe, now a New York journalist, but formerly attached to the American Legation in China, has written a book on that country, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will soon publish. Mr. Holcombe lived sixteen years in China, and this should make him a reliable authority on the subject.

—It has transpired that Maupassant had actually finished "L'Angelus," the novel on which he was engaged, when insanity struck him. The manuscript of what he himself declared would be his masterpiece was forgotten during the sad excitement of his removal to an asylum, and when his relatives remembered its existence, weeks afterward, the middle chapters were found to be missing. The book will be published in its incomplete form.

—The municipality of Viareggio will erect a monument to the memory of Shelley. It was at this place, it will be remembered, that Shelley's body was washed ashore on July 8, 1822, and cremated a few days later in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt and the local authorities.

—Justin Huntley McCarthy, the novelist, son of the leader of the Irish National party in Parliament, was married in Edinburgh, on Aug. 29, to Miss Marie Cecilia Loftus, known to music-hall patrons as "Cissie" Loftus.

—A biography of John Addington Symonds, by Mr. Horatio F. Brown, his literary legatee and executor, will be published in the course of this month by John C. Nimmo. The work will be in two volumes, illustrated.

—H. Morse Stephens, M.A. (Oxon), a prominent young English writer and teacher, at present lecturer on Indian history at Cambridge University, and staff lecturer on history to the Oxford University Extension Delegation, has just been appointed to the chair of modern European history in Cornell University, made vacant by the death of Prof. Herbert Tuttle. Mr. Stephens has written a number of historical works and edited "The Principal Speeches of the Statesmen and Orators of the French Revolution." His "History of the French Revolution" has been praised by scholars.

—The portrait of George Meredith published in *The Critic* of Sept. 8 should have been credited to Roberts Bros., the first American publishers to bring out a uniform edition of Mr. Meredith's novels.

—"In your issue of Aug. 18," writes S. M. J., "you imply that Mr. Edwin Hodder is the Hodder of Hodder & Stoughton. He may be, for ought I know, a member of that firm, but he is not the Mr. Hodder (principal), whose visits to New York give so much pleasure to the firms with which he does business. I have met this Mr. Hodder several times. Mr. Edwin Hodder is a different person. He is a literary man, the author of the Life of the late Lord Shaftesbury, and, recently, of a history of foreign missions, under the title of 'Conquests of the Cross,' both published by the Cassells. He is, I understand, a member of their staff of writers."

—The Revell Co. have in press "Chinese Characteristics," by Arthur H. Smith, who spent twenty years of his life in China, and a new book by Isabella Bird Bishop, entitled "Among the Tibetans."

—Mr. Albert C. Phillips, a son of Mr. Walter P. Phillips of the United Press, has won the James Gordon Bennett prize in political science at Columbia, with an essay on the monetary policy of the United States since 1870.

—"Children of Circumstance" is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. The same name would have applied to this lady's first story, "A Yellow Aster."

—The *Journal des Débats* of Aug. 11 contained a clever short paper, by M. René Doumic, on "Les Poètes Qui Élisent le Grand Lama." "The English have their Poets-Laureate," says this writer, "we Frenchmen have our great national poets. And we must have one always on hand, without interruption. No sooner has one incumbent disappeared, than another great national poet must be selected." Aspirants for the position must be vaccinated, of course, but he is surest of success who "has ceased to exert any influence whatever on the writers and the literature of his day."

The Free Parliament

Correspondents must send their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS.

1765.—Where can I find full information about the "Brook Farm" experiment?

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.


D. M.

[We do not know of any full history of "Brook Farm." There is a fairly comprehensive account of it in Frothingham's Life of George Ripley (American Men-of-Letters Series). T. W. Higginson's Life of Margaret Fuller (in the same Series) and the memorial edition of her writings give much information about the experiment. The scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" is largely laid there; and then there are Hawthorne's "American Note-Books," and a good many reminiscences, etc., in the magazines—for instance, in *The Atlantic*, Vol. XLII., pp. 458 and 556, and Vol. LII., p. 540; *Old and New*, Vol. IV., p. 347, and Vol. V., p. 517; *The Dial*, Vol. II., p. 361, and Vol. IV., p. 351; and *The Overland Monthly*, Vol. V., p. 9. See also *The Harbinger*—which was the community paper—*passim*, and Mr. E. P. Mitchell's article on Charles A. Dana, to be published in the October *McClure's*.]

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 Pierson, A. T. New Acts of the Apostles. \$1.50.
 Political Science Quarterly. September 1894. Vol. IX., No. 3.
 Price, W. T. Life of Charlotte Cushman. 75c.
 Regents Bulletin, No. 27, 28 and 29. Albany, N. Y.
 Sheldon, H. C. History of the Christian Church. 5 Vols.
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